



THE
Second Part
OF THE
Vaux-Hall



CONCERT

Being a COLLECTION of the best SONGS in vogue.

A Dialogue between John and Susan.

The new Robin hood.

Damon and Florella.

The Yorkshireman's Resolution

to Fight the French;

Carry the Jest too far.

AMARILLIS.

Sir John Barly-Corn,
No Matter for That.

The Jolly Sailors.

Briton's Advice to her SONS

Jockey and the Devil.

A New SONG

The One Thing Needful.

Bread and Cheese and Kisses.

L O N D O N :

Printed and SOLD upon Snow-Hill, where all sorts are to
be had, Wholesale or Retail

J O H N and **S U S N**. Which makes me loath to be married this year.

C O M E hither sweet Susan
and set down by Me;
Did not you promise me a long
And let us consult of Matrimo-
ny; That we should be married be-
fore it was long,

For thou art my Love, my Joy,
and my Dear,
So don't prove inconstant to
I pray thee let us be married this
Year. I Pr'ythee love let us be married
this year,

S H E
I pray honest John don't talk of
such a thing,
For marriage both care and sor-
row doth bring,
I did make a promise to be your
Best times are hard, and Promi-
sions are dear,
But times they are altered and all
things are dear,
Which makes me loath to be
married this Year.

H E
If times they are hard, and mo-
ney is scant
Farewell, farewell, since it is so,
I will do my endeavours thou
shalt not want,
Now I am resolved to another
And following my calling with
diligent care,
I'll go,
I pr'ythee my Love let us be ma-
ried this year.
For I'm resolved to be married
this year.

S H E
For every couple that's married
they say,
O stay John, stay why in such
haste?
You know that the Parson must
have his pay,
I will be your true love as long
as life lasts,
Besides other charges that stands
us so dear,
For good luck or bad luck then
I'll never fear,
Which makes me loath to be
married this year.
For I am resolved to be married
this year.

H E
If I should bring children as I am
afraid,
Then all thing in order we will
prove it,
By the birth of each child five
shillings is paid,
And in less than ten days I'll
make you my bride,
There are gossies and nurses that
will stand us dear,
Then the bells shall ring and

musick play clear,
For John and Susan are married
this year.

One T H I N G needful

SICK of the Town at once
I flew,

To Contemplations Rural Seat.
Adieu said I vain World adieu
Fools only Study to be Great

The Book the Lamp, the Hermits
Cell,

The russet Gown and mossy Floor
All these I had, 'twas mighty well
But yet I wanted something more,

Back to the busy World again

I Hurry'd soon, in hopes to find
Eas'd from imaginary pain

Quiet of Heart and Peace of
Mind,

Gay Scenes and Grandure every
hour,

My Eyes with admiration fill
The World seem'd ail within my

power
And yet I wanted something still

Cities and Groves at once were
try'd

'Twas all a vain and idle Train
Delia at length became a Bide,

A Bride to Damon of the Vale

Earth smil'd at once, the Heav'ns
was cleared,

Damon was kind, I cant tell how
In every place new Joy appear'd

And Delia wanted nothing now
And Delia wanted nothing now

No Matter for T H A T.

YOUNG Patty was Wanton,
young Patty was Gay

She'd Dance and she'd Sing with
the Nymphs all the Day,

Yet she was affraid, tho' for why
she knew not,

Affraid of a Man——but no mat-
ter for that.

Brisk Collin, who long had the
Maid in his Eye

And saw how determin'd she was
to be shy

Approach'd her, resolv'd her sweet
Lips to be at

But from him she flew——Tho'
no matter for that

With all the Wing'd speed that a
Lover could make,

The Shepherd pursu'd her, his
Heart was at stake.

He caught her and said, Thou'rt
an Angel dear PAT,

But she stop't him short——With
no matter for that

He press'd her soft Hand, whilst
he knee'd at her Feet,

He spoke such kind Things, in a
manner so sweet

That PATTY consented to sit
down and Chat,

No longer affraid,——but no
matter for that.

Let fancy paint next what I dare
not declare

But take with my Soug, The se
Instructions ye Fair

Fear guards you from all, th
Men would be at,

I'll Wedded fear Men,——Then
no matter for That.

A M A R I L L I S

Sung by Mr. Beard in the
Shepherds Lottery.

TO dear Amarillis, Young
Strephon had long
Declar'd his fix'd Passion, and
Dy'd for in Song,
He went one May Morning to
to meet in the Grove,
By her own dear Appointment,
tels Goddess of Love,
Mean while in his Mind,
all her Charms he ran o'er
And doated on Each, Can a Lover
do more? do more?
Can a Lover do more?

He waited, and waited, then
changing his Strain
Twas fury and rage and Dispair
and Disdain,
The Sun was Commanded to
hide his dull Light,
And the whole course of Nature
was alter'd downright,
Twas his hapless Fortune, to Die
and adore
But never to Charge, — Can a
Lover do more?
Cleora it hap'd was by accident
there,
No Rose-bud so tempting,
No Lilly so fair.
He press'd her White hand,
Next her Lips he essay'd
Nor Would she deny him,
so Civil the Maid,
Her kindly Compliance
his Peace did Restore
And dear Amarillis was Thought
on no more.

Jockey and the Damsel,

AS Jockey Was Walking one
Midsummer Morn,
He in him down careless beneath
a green thorn,
He had not far long till a damsel
came by,
To Whom Jockey sent forth a
languishing eye, a languishing eye
Did you see said the fair one, a
flescn brindled ram,
With two little Lamkins trot
each by their dam?
if you did, gentle shepherd, pray
tell me which Way,
The innocent rovers neglectfuly
stray.
The innocent rovers, &c.

He told her he saw them run
hastily by,
And make to the copse, though in
faith 'twas a lie.
The damsel she curstied, and
thank'd with a blush;
But Jockey stole after and lurked
in a bush.
She searched the copse o'er, tho'
no sheep could she find,
And curst the young
swain in her mind.
She found she was trick'd, but
alas silly Maid,
She knew not the snare was so
artfully laid;
The Shepherd appeared, and says
he pretty maid,
Thy ewes and thy lamkins have
happily strayed,

Then sprung to her closely and And thus they used poor Barley-
 ravished a kiss, corn,
 But the maiden seem'd coy, and They used him bitterly,
 cry'd he, 'twas amiss.

However as her friends little li- And then again with pickforks
 berty gave, strong,

She left her old Gaffer to trust a They piec'd him to the heart,
 young Knave, And like a thief for Felony,

And now, tho' her sheep are all They bound him to a Cart,

She visits the copse o'er again They hired men with crabsticks
 and again, strong,

To thrash his Skin and bones,
 But the miller used him ten times
 worse,

The Life of S.r John Barleycorn. He ground him between 2 stones.

THERE was three knights
 came from the North,
 An strove for Victory,
 And thus they made a solemn
 Vow,
 That Barleycorn should die.

Put Wine into a glass Sir,
 Put Claret in a Can,
 Put Sir John Barleycorn in a nut
 brown Jug,
 He'll be the noblest man.

They plow'd him down With
 plow irons,
 Put plow clods on his head,
 And then they made a solemn
 Vow:
 That Barleycorn was dead.

BREAD and CHEES
 And KISSES,

LAST time I saw my Clob's
 Face.

Thus he lay sleeping in the
 Ground,
 Till rain from the sky did fall,
 Then Sir John Barleycorn rose up
 And fore amaz'd them all.

As usual first our talk was love,
 But suddenly as Topicks rise,
 So we to other Subjects move.

I ask'd if she had din'd on what
 For nought with us amiss is :
 She to my Question answer'd
 pat,

On Bread and Cheese and kisse^s
 On Bread and Cheese and kisse^s.

They hired men with scythes
 so sharp,
 To cut him at the Knee,

Now could you think I'm jea-
 lous grown?

indeed it's true as I am here,
But yet on me she ne'er did
frown:

Then Rivals I've no need to
fear,

Yet still alas! 'twould pierce
my Breast

If ought I've done amiss is;
To make her with another feast
On Bread and Cheese and kisse

Come, Hymen, God of nup-
tial band,

And light to Hymeneal bliss,
I have a heart I have a hand,

A dowry good, I'll give her
these,

What is more Choice than truth
to give,

To all that Wealth amiss is: •
Posses'd of her I'd constant live
On Bread and Cheese and kisses.

The Yorkshireman's Resolution
to Fight the French.

COME here's a Health to our
Gracious King

God send him health and prosperi y
Let every Loaly Heart of Gold

fight for his King and Country
fol lol,

In Yorkshire I was born and bred
my Age is three score years and

three

I have ten Sons, and they're all
Men grown,

and we'll go serve his Majesty.

I have 12 Horses in my Gang,
they are as good as e'er did
strain.

I never will flinch, till we con-
quer the French

Or me and my ten Sons are slain
And now I'll buy Jack Boots and

Saddles,
Pistols and Holsters shall be new

With a good broadsword and well
made Musket.

we'll make the French to cry
orbeau.

Now brave Boys were well
Mounted,

Our Cloathing is the Scarlet hue
Englishmen ne'er were Cowards

counted

We'll thump the Pope and the
French King too,

So now brave Boys we'll away
for London,

Some brave Regiment for to
join

And now the French has Declar'd
a War,

Monseieur shall feel this sword of
mine,

So fare you well my good Wife
Joan,

And farewell to Yorkshire too
If in the Wars I should be slain,

-ALL that I have I leave to
you

There is twenty Cows all in the
Dale,

And six fat hogs within the
stye,

With sheep and Ducks, good
Hens and Cocks

ALL these I leave you when I die

Damon and Florella, Sung at
Vauxhall.

Tribute to the fragrant May
Like the sparrow and the dove:
Listen to the voice of love.

The Jovial Sailors

Sung by Mr. Beard, in the the
Fair Quaker of Deal,

C As I my love thine eyes
around
See the sportive lamkins play;
Nature gaily decks the ground,
All in honour of the May:
Like the Sparrow and the dove
Listen to the voice of Love.

She. Damon thou hast found
me long.

Listening to thy soothing tale,
And thy soft persuasive song,
Often held me in the vale;
Fare, oh! Damon while I live
All that virtue ought to give.

He. Nor the verdure of the
Nor the gardens fairest flowers
Nor the meads where lovers
rove
Tempted by the vernal hour,
Can delight thy Damon's eye,
If Florella is not by.

She. Nor the waters gentle fall
by the bank with poplars
crown'd

Nor the feather'd songsters all
Nor the Flute's melodious sound
Can delight Florella's ear,
If her Damon is not near.

Both, Let us love and let us live
Like the cheerful season gay,
Banish care and let us give

HOW little do the Landmen
know,
What we Sailors feel,
When waves do mount and
Vvinds do blow,
But we have Hearts of Steel,
No Danger can affright Us
No Enemy shall flout,
VVe'll make the Monsieurs right
Us,
So toss the Can about,

Stick stout to Orders Meß-Mates
VVe'll Plunder Burn and sack
Then France have at your first
Rates,

for Britons never shrink,
VVe'll Rummage all we fancy
VVe'll bring them in by scores
And Moll and Kate and Nancy
shall Rout in Louis D'Ois

While here at Deal we're Lying
with our Noble Commodore,
We'll spend our VVages freely
Boys,

and then to Sea for more,
In Peace we Drink and sing Boys
In VVar we'll never fly,
Here's a Health to George our
KING Boys.
and he Royal Family.

CUPID'S Refuge So blythe we'll wake, &c.
JOVE when he saw r-y Fanny's Face And through the wide Forrest
 with wondrous passion mov'd, merry Sherwood
 Forgot the Care of Human race we'll wind the bugle bugle horn
 And felt at last he lov'd, we'll wind the bugle horn
 Then to the God of love, desire, The Sheriff attempts to take
 his suit he thus addrest bold Robin Hood,
 I Fanny Love with mutual fire, Bold Robin, bold Robin Disdain
 O touch her tender breast to Fly
 I Fanny, &c! Let him come when he will,
 Your sighs are hopeless Cupid we'll in merry Sherwood
 Or Vanquish Boys or Die
 I Lov'd the Maid before Our hearts they are stout and our
 What! Rival me the Power re- Bows they are good
 plies, And well, and well their Masters
 Whom Gods and Men adore, know
 He grasp'd the Bolt, he took the They're cull'd in the Forest of
 Spring merry Sherwood,
 Of his imperial Throne, and never will spare a Poe,
 While Cupid wav'd his rosy Our Arrows shall drink of the
 wings, fallow Deere's blood
 and in a breath was gone, We'll hunt them all over the plain
 O'er Earth and Seas the God- And thro' the wide Forrest of
 head flew, merry Sherwood
 But still no shelter found. No shaft shall fly in Vain,
 For as he fled his Dangers grew, Brave Scarlet and John who
 and Lightning Flash'd around were never subdu'd
 At last his trembling fear impels Gave each his hand so bold
 his Flight to Fanny's Eyes, We'll reigo through the Forrest
 Where Happy, safe and pleas'd of merry Sherwood,
 He Dwells, What say my Hearts of Gold
 Nor minds his Native Skies.

NEW ROBIN HOOD.

AS blythe as the Linnet sings
 in the Green wood;
 So blythe we'll wake; we'll wake
 the Morn,